

She lied.
I'm so tired, so cynical.
These games again,
Unoriginal.

There's limitations,
And expectations,
Mindlessly act as if this were nothing.
Blood in sand,
turns to black,
Blue fire, awakening.

Go!
What the f**k bitch is your goal?
You turn your back from me.
I don't recognise,
Your face.

I see impure sight.
False tears, no hesitation.
So blind, so ignorant.
Am I alone?
Am I alone?
I always was.

She knows not to look back,
The angel inside, bleeds from breaking mirrors,
That'll bleed you if you're guilty.
Like f**k you are.

Behold, the truth be told unfold,
The lies beneath so cold,
The day you joined your soul,
What the f**k bitch is your...

Goal for us,
Deprive me,
Blood f**ked,
Where's your conscience?
You'd leave me back to die.